



The clock



508 104 85

Chapter 1 by Jason Barber

I can't wait to leave. The clock keeps ticking.

Chapter 2 by Isaiah Ellis



No matter how long I wait, The clock never seems to speed up. Only slow down. Down to a crawl. I just want to leave this place. This place of torture and pain. Of suffering and loss. I don't just want to leave, I NEED to leave.

Chapter 3 by Paper Beard



It was always painful having dinner with my family.

Chapter 4 by Suzanna Oliver



Tick tock. Tick tock. My head seemed to pound with every twang of the needle on the clock, with every meaningless word that escaped my mother's mouth. It was unbearable.

Chapter 5 by Phantim



I'm not sure what happened next. Everything just went red. Time seemed to fly by in a blur, like the slowing of time before had been like an archer pulling his arrow back. when he finally let go

it all sped by so quickly

When I finally could make sense of it all

I stood in the dining room, looking at the clock. The clock was red in blood, so was everything else. everyone

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God there was so much blood. I didn't even know there could be so much. They all looked dead, stabbed and sliced, some were still at the table. Others looked like they had tried to run. I heard a gurgling gasp come from one of the bodies, my brother Joel! I dropped the knife, I ran over and got down on my knees and propped up his head. More blood soaked into my jeans.

He looked up at me with hate and confusion in his eyes.

"Wh-why? Brother..." he gasped.

It was his last gasp. I felt him stop moving in my arms. His eyes were still open, still staring at me. Eyes I had seen thousands of times, but they were different now. I couldn't quite place my finger on what was different but I just sensed their cold lifeless stare.

Oh god, had I really done this? This has to be a Nightmare... some bored dillusion. Please let me wake up... please...please...please!

Chapter 6 by mathew reed



The clock just ticked on, Tick Tock, Tick Tock, the same ticking that caused my.....outburst... I have to find a way to stop the endless ticking, Tick Tock, Tick Tock, TICK TOCK! TICK TOCK TICK TOCK TICK TOCK, it won't end! why won't it end!?

I looked over to Joel's lifeless body, his bloody, messy, lifeless body, god why did it have to be today of all days for this to happen, why him, why my family, MY family, anyone else's family, anyone's but mine, please! please! If it were someone else's I could deal with that. I have done before... just....just not mine, please....please...

TICK TOCK TICK TOCK

I look over to the knife that helped me do.....this, maybe it was time...maybe they'll understand.....maybe they won't think it was me....if I just end it. stop the ticking. the endless ticking...

Tick Tock, Tick Tock, Tick Tock

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Chapter 7 by LeWIPanist



I wish I could go back in time, I wished I could go back, contain those urges, hold it in, anything, I hoped that I could go back more than anyone, I wished I could go back, contain those urges, hold it in, anything.

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Anything. Just not this.

Tears streamed down my blood-stained face. I looked at the glazed over eyes of my brother, the intestines hanging out from my mother, and my father's paralyzed face, frozen in a endless scream in the face of death.

I held the guilty knife in my hands. The blood ran down in rivet. Drip. Drip.

The clock continued ticking; Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock. Time continued to pass. But my heart was now in the past. Nothing could fix this. Nothing.

I raised the knife and aimed it at my throat.

I thrust.

Then everything froze.

Chapter 8 by Nick Ricker



I heard an old chuckle from behind me, I tried to turn around, straining my neck, but nothing happened, no matter how hard I tried I couldn't move. My eyes were frozen on my brother, the blood leaking out of his stomach had stopped. Again, I heard the old man behind me,

"What do you think you were doing Matthew? You think you can just kill a whole family huh? I've given you second chances before, and look what you have done, I don't know if I should even bother this time." He said.

"P-please." I managed to mutter through shut teeth.

"Oh Matthew, if only it was that easy. You see, every time I help you out, I age rapidly, I'm beginning to think its not even worth it. Once, one last time, ok? Let it be clear I'm doing this for your family, not you."

Suddenly, his presence was gone. I could see the puddle of blood on the ground slowly being sucked back into the knife wound on my brothers stomach, his eyes slowly sprung to life, the glazed over look fading. My mothers intestines regrouping and slithering back into her gut. The whole table of people I know as my family slowly gaining their life back. The blood on my

clothes pulled off in small droplets, hovering in front of me before catapulting themselves at my fathers gashed open chest. Then

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"What's wrong Matt?" My

I shook my head, and looked down, a knife in my hand.

"Uh, nothing..."

My whole family looked at me, worried.

Tick Tock, Tick Tock.

the end

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